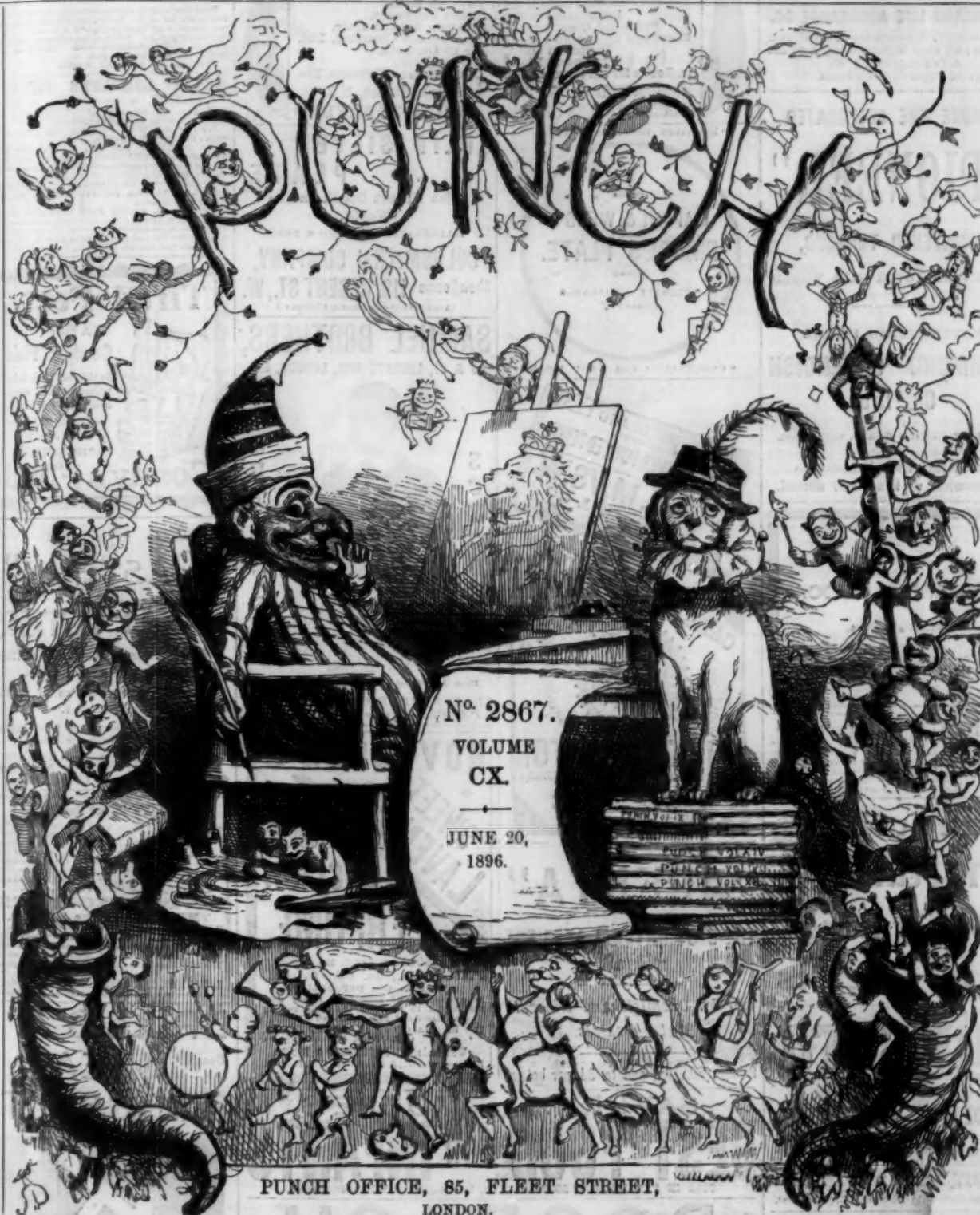


# CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., PRINTED MATTER, DRAWINGS, or FIGURES of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON.

## CADBURY'S COCOA

"Represents the Standard of highest purity at present attainable in Cocoa."—THE LANCET.

**BEFORE ASSURING YOUR LIFE**  
**NEW REDUCED RATES**

**STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**  
HEAD OFFICE: 5, George Street, Edinburgh.  
LONDON: 25, King William Street, E.C., and  
8, Pall Mall East, S.W.  
DUBLIN: 66, Upper Sackville Street.

**SMOKE THE CELEBRATED**  
**"PIONEER"**  
**SWEETENED TOBACCO,**  
**KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.**

**MANUFACTURED BY THE**  
**RICHMOND CAVENDISH**  
**Co., Ltd.,**

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class  
tobaccoists at home and abroad.

**SUCHARD'S COCOA.**  
Nature's Choicest.

**GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.**  
The lovely essence "Châtain Foncé" can be  
imparted to Hair of any colour by using **ARINE**.  
Sold only by W. WINTER, 47, Oxford St., London.  
Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. For tinting grey or faded  
Hair **ARINE** is invaluable.

**In Curing**  
**Torturing**  
**Disfiguring**  
**Skin Diseases**  
**Cuticura**  
**Works Wonders.**

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTI-  
CURA, 2s. 3d.; SOAP, 1s. 1; FRUITS, 2s. 3d.  
F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward Street,  
London, E.C.

\*How to Cure Skin Diseases," 72 pages, free.

**FEED YOUR CHILDREN**  
**DR. RIDGE'S**  
**PATENT COOKED FOOD**

**TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.**  
**SCRUBB'S** Cloudy **AMMONIA**  
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.  
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
Invaluable for all Toilet Purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, Etc.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets.  
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.  
1s. Bottle for six to ten Baths. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.  
**SCRUBB & CO., 32b Southwark Street, S.E.**  
**MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP**

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

**MAPPIN & WEBB'S**  
**PRINCE'S PLATE.**  
(1895.)  
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE  
QUALITY."  
"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

**PURE CUMBERLAND LEAD**  
ADAPTED FOR THE  
**PATENT EVER-POINTED PENCIL.**  
Sizes **H, M, V, S, W.**  
**S. MORDAN & CO., LONDON.**  
Registered Trade Mark.  
"S. MORDAN & CO."

**CALLARD & BOWSER'S**  
**BUTTER-SCOTCH**  
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)  
Really wholesome  
Confectionery.  
Lancet

**"APENTA"**  
**THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT**  
**WATER.**

Of all Chemists and Mineral  
Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

**SAVORY AND MOORE'S**  
**BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS**  
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES. Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., everywhere.

**ROSBACH**  
**THE BEST TABLE WATER IN THE WORLD.**

**SOLID SILVER**  
**PLATE.**  
The Finest Stock in the  
World.  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.  
**GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY,**  
Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.  
(ADJOINING STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY.)  
**SAMUEL BROTHERS,**  
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

**SCHOOL**  
**OUTFITS**  
Iron (Jacket and Vest) for boy of 8 years, 10s.  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and  
PATTERNS free on application.

**HOVENDEN'S**  
**\* SWEET LAVENDER** THE  
FAVOURITE  
**ENGLISH**  
**PERFUME.**  
Always Refreshing, Sweet, and Lasting.  
PRICE—1s., 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d.,  
and 10s. 6d. per bottle.  
In consequence of imitation, please note  
that NONE IS GENUINE UNLESS bearing  
our Name and Trade Mark on Label.  
TO BE HAD OF ALL PERFUMERS,  
CHEMISTS, &c.  
Wholesale, L. HOVENDEN & SONS,  
BARNES ST., W., & CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

**THE LONDON HOUSE**  
**RESTAURANT DIEUDONNE**  
Ryder Street, St. James's.

Most charmingly and luxuriously decorated in the  
real Louis XV. style. Recherche Dinners, Lunches  
and suppers at fixed prices and à la carte. 1000  
salons for parties. Telegraphic address—"Dorchester  
London." Telephone No. 3238. The Grand Saloon  
on the first floor is now open.  
The Louis XV. Saloon is now open.

**ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE**  
**CRUISES,** by the steamships GARDENIA,  
SAGE tone register, and LUSTYAN, 2507 tons  
register, leaving London as under:—  
For the **NORWAY FLOIDS**, 22nd June, for 15  
days; 11th July, for 15 days.  
For **NORWAY FLOIDS, VADN** (for Soler  
Edingen), and **SPITZBERGEN**, 22nd July, for 27 days.  
At the most northerly point of this Cruise the sun  
will be above the horizon at midnight.  
For **COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERS-  
BURG, KIEL, the BALTIK CANAL, &c.**, 28th  
August, for 28 days.  
String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.  
Managers: F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co.,  
Hend Office, Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply  
to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. 5, or  
the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur St., W.

**Tired Feet.**  
"A little  
**Condy's Fluid**  
in the foot-bath is in-  
valuable for tired,  
aching, or hot feet."  
—Weldon's Ladies'  
Journal.  
BATHE WITH  
**Condy's Fluid**

THE  
**"PASTEUR"**  
(Chamberland) **FILTER.**

"The Standard of Efficient Filtra-  
tion."—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

"A real preventative of water-  
borne diseases."—LANCET.

To be had at the Stores, most Filter Dealers,  
or Wholesale from the Makers.

**J. DEFRIES & SONS,**  
147, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.

**RANSOMES'**  
Patronized by the  
Queen and the Prince  
of Wales. First Prize  
in competition at the  
last trials, Horticul-  
tural Exhibition, 1895.  
Used in the Parks and  
Public Gardens.  
**LAWN MOWERS**  
**THE BEST IN THE WORLD.**  
"New Automaton," "Chain Automaton,"  
"Anno-Paris," "World," and "Post and  
Horse-Post" Mowers, in all sizes to suit  
every requirement. All Machines sent on a  
Month's Free Trial, and Carriage Paid. Supplied  
by all Ironmongers.  
**RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFRIES, LA., Ipswich.**

**BRILL'S**  
Sea Baths **SEA**  
at Home. **SALT.**  
Bracing and **SALT.**  
Refreshing.

**BOOTS.**





A FALSTAFFIAN TREE IN THE HAYMARKET,  
AS SEEN BY RÖNTGEN RAYS

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

#### "ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM."

OCCASIONALLY, when I have been suffering from the terrible reaction caused by reading a bad book, a fearful temptation has assailed me. Something, not myself, that makes for righteousness (or, to use Mr. HALL CAIN'S word, for rightness), seems then to whisper to me, "take your pen in your hand, seclude yourself from the world and its pleasures, and write a compendium or dictionary of bad books. Thus shall you profit the public, and gain for yourself favour and an immortal fame." So the tempter whispers, but a few moments of reflection banish the pleasant idea by convincing me of the hopelessness of the task.

THERE were once two barristers-at-law, vigorous young men of a high spirit, and it occurred to them, as they divided their swift minds now hither now thither in search of professional advancement, that no one had yet written a Digest of Overruled Cases, a dictionary, so to speak, of bad law. So they set to work, secured a kindly publisher, and in the space of three years produced a monumental work, in which they brought together in a convenient shape the decided cases which a later and more enlightened judicial opinion had robbed of authority and consigned to destruction. By an ingenious application of the method known to racing men as "Form at a Glance," you were enabled to see how a case had run in public since it was foaled up to the moment when, broken down and decrepit, it had been dismissed by an elaborate dictum of Rhadamanthus, Chancellor, to the knacker's yard. On the analogy of this Digest I figured to myself a *Digest of Disapproved Books*, and my mind, pursuing the pleasant imagination, seemed to see some such entry as the following:—

"THE SATANIST'S SUICIDE, 3 vols., 189—. Commented on by daily press passion; reviewed by GRANT ALLEN; disapproved by ANDREW LANG, 'a book that might have amused the last moments of an Aztec on his way to the sacrificial stone, and might still satisfy a Fijian's yearnings for culture'; finally overruled by A. T. QUILLER COUCH."

BUT the task, as I said, is hopeless, and I had always to abandon it. It were otherwise if we appointed our critics as we do our judges, if,

for instance, Mr. ANDREW LANG, by public decree, duly printed in the *Gazette*, were one fine day to be promoted to a seat on the Bench of the High Court of Literary Justice, with a proper emolument and any amount of ermine. I can picture the scene. Lord Chief Justice LANG would take his seat on the morning after his appointment, and the Attorney-General of Literature—the editor, let us say, of the *Weekly Mentor*—would rise in his place, and, in a few well-chosen words, congratulate the judge on his appointment, recalling the days when, as young men, they had struggled side by side in many a hard-fought review. Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE would add his congratulations on behalf of the Junior Bar, and, without any further formality, the new Chief Justice would immediately proceed to dispose of the first book on his list.

THIS, however, being a mere dream of authority, we must content ourselves with the best substitutes we can devise. Therefore I welcome, with all proper cordiality, Mr. A. T. QUILLER COUCH'S *Adventures in Criticism*, lately published by CASSELL & Co. If I should ever, for my sins, be compelled to draw up a list of "Books that have done me good," I should keep a very high place for this delightful book. It has sanity, tolerance, and, above all, a fresh and abundant spring of humour. With a light and graceful touch, Mr. QUILLER COUCH ranges from CHAUCER to THOMAS CAKEW, thence to M. ZOLA, and so on to the "Attitude of the Public towards Letters," to Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, Mr. DU MAURIER, and Mr. FRANK STOCKTON. His air is so gay, his conversation so agreeable, his whole manner so affable, that you needs must follow where this easy, and attractive guide leads you, thanking your good fortune that gave you so charming a companion.

LET it not be assumed from anything that I have said at the outset of this paper that Mr. QUILLER COUCH assumes an Athenasian attitude towards his authors. On the contrary, he is apt to praise—but to praise with discrimination. I do not always agree with him. For instance, I doubt if he is fair to CALVERLEY, and to others I am convinced that he is more than fair. But as to CALVERLEY, I confess that I distrust my own judgment as an infallible guide; for a youthful enthusiasm leaves its traces in maturity, and the grown man shrinks from depreciating that which delighted him as a boy. For me CALVERLEY is unapproachable, not merely when I think of him as a writer of light verse of the most extraordinary finish and felicity, but also when I remember his beautiful version of THEOCRITUS.

STILL, even when one disagrees with Mr. QUILLER COUCH, one disagrees with hesitation, and a moment afterwards disagreement is certain to give place to a hearty assent. After reading his book I feel as if I had cleared my mind of all manner of humbug and nonsense. There is more sound sense in (to take only two instances) "The Attitude of the Public towards Letters" and "The Poor Little Penny Dreadful" than in all the pompous and magisterial sermonising that pass for criticism with the great Public, and are afterwards republished and forgotten. Without wishing to tread upon the dangerous ground of comparison, I may say that Mr. QUILLER COUCH'S essays produce upon my mind a sort of mixed effect of HAZLITT and CHARLES LAMB. He has something of the penetrating directness of the one and not a little of the whimsical playfulness of the other. And he has his own qualities peculiar to himself which make his writings a pleasure.

### DARBY JONES ON THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

HONOURED SIR,—Despite the fact that no cheques or postal orders have rewarded my singular talent in discovering the Royal winner of the Derby, obedient to your command I venture to place before you and your readers an inkling, written in pencil, as to the successful candidate for the Hunt Cup at Ascot. Here it is:—

"At Ascot I'm a Mascot,  
Don't quarrel with the Easter been I tip,  
Though I own a sheep's condition  
May disclose the imposition  
Of a quack who can't a young-old man outstrip."

In the above Homeric lines you have, I fancy, the essence of this great event faithfully Liebigged. Hearing that you have, since the Epsom victory, been feeding your dog *Toby* on mutton chops, while regaling yourself with magnums, not in *parvo*, I take leave to remind you that crumbs from the table of DIVES are not despised by  
Your obedient Servant, DARBY JONES.

### "A Case for the Victoria Cross."

On Wednesday, June 10, "The Contents Bill" of the *Daily Telegraph* had the following announcement,—

#### CAPTURE OF GUARDIAN

BY OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Alone he did it!! Shall such daring bravery go unrewarded?



*Henry Vernon. No. 10. 1896.*

### ROSEBERIGO THE ANTI-TORYADOR.

[ "Lord ROSEBERY has come back from Spain in capital spirits. . . . The ex-Premier will address a great Liberal Meeting in London before the end of the present month."—*Westminster Gazette* June 10.]



## A BALLADE OF FASHION.

(By an unwilling Volary.)

AWAY from here, among the flowers,  
By quiet country hedge-rows trim,  
Would I might roam away the hours,  
All unregarding Fashion's whim,  
But throttled in her clutches grim,  
I saunter stiffly down the Row—  
Confound my collar's iron rim!  
*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

I love to wander, head all bare,  
On mountain fell, across the flat,  
To feel the breezes kiss my hair,  
Or storm-winds twine it in a mat.  
But my poor head has Fashion gat  
Fast in her vice, where'er I go—  
Confound my thrice accursed top-hat!  
*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

A "social function" might have grace  
But for the jostle and the squeeze,  
The Park might be a pleasant place,  
Could people dress as just they please.  
If one might sit beneath the trees,  
Bareheaded, flannelled, cool!—but no,  
To slaves of Fashion farwell ease,  
*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

Envoi.

This truth comes borne with ball and rout,  
At Lords, at Ascot, in the Row—  
By night and day, in doors and out,  
*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

PARTICULAR TO A SHADE.—They call  
the SULTAN "The Shadow." Solid JOHN  
BULL does not desire to be considered  
"the Valet of the Shadow."

THE GREATEST RELIEF TO A PARCHED  
THROAT.—Lemon-aid.

WHO TO ASK ABOUT CARPETS.—Why,  
ex-Minster, of course!

THE BOWER OF PERFECT BLISS.—Kew  
Vicarage.



## ONE WAY OF STOPPING HIM.

"HAIR VERY DRY, SIR!"

"YES, YES. DOCTOR'S ORDERS. EVERYTHING  
DRY. GOUTY TENDENCY!"

## A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

THE "Nonconformist Conscience" cynics  
chaff,  
And its vagaries sometimes raise a laugh  
In minds that no mere mockeries care to  
fling.  
But the Conformist Conscience—curious  
phrase!— [praise,  
An honest mind can neither blame nor  
Because—there is, and can be, no such  
thing! [fiction.  
A conscience that conforms? 'Tis a mere  
Non est in fact, in terms a contradiction!  
For conscience that conforms—to power  
stronger,  
Or practice popular—conscience is no  
longer.

## A PLEA FOR PROOF-CORRECTORS.

["Proof-correctors are a race to whom  
authors have constantly expressed indebtedness.  
... Efforts are now being made to endow a  
second pension for widows of proof-correctors,  
in connection with the Printers' Alma-house  
and Orphan Asylum."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

INDEBTEDNESS? Yes! Where's the  
scribe who won't bless,  
Like BROWNING, the service extreme  
which they render?  
How many a "masterpiece" were a mere  
mess  
But for that true Argus, so vigilant,  
tender?  
"Proofs before letters" may fetch a big  
price,  
But "letters before proofs" (and sharp  
proof-correctors)  
Would go at a discount. If Genius is nice  
'Twill acknowledge—and back up—its  
own best protectors;  
And even mere talent contribute its mite  
To that pension for widows, deserving  
as any,  
Mr. Punch, too, will see that fund swell  
with delight  
By many a "Gratitude's true Golden  
Penny!"

## A CLASSICAL FRAGMENT.

["A fresh inscription has just been discovered at Delphi giving circum-  
stantial details concerning the method of training the various competitors  
at the ancient Olympic Games."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

We are enabled to furnish our readers with an early translation  
of such portions of the inscription as are legible.

... Wherefore not only by those who drive the chariots, but also  
by those contending in foot-races, is it necessary that certain and  
fixed laws be observed, else not first, but rather behind the others,  
will their feet bring them to the wished-for goal. When earliest  
rosy-fingered morning touches the skies, they shall leave the couch  
and perform the lustrations that are seemly. Concerning these  
ablutions, moreover, let them use the washing-tablets of one maker  
only, taking pains that the report of their so doing be noised abroad.  
For then that maker, being not unapt at advertisement, will furnish  
them with his best, no return of drachmæ having been asked, espe-  
cially if they be athletes of widespread fame. Thereafter let them  
breakfast, eating the flesh of the hinder part of oxen, not overmuch  
cooked. . . .

Very much especially indeed is it necessary that they inhale not  
the smoke of herbs,\* which at other times indeed is comforting; but  
for those who are being trained pernicious above all else. Let them  
take warning by the fate of that Argive youth of whom HERODOTUS  
makes mention, who on the eve of the race in which he was to row,  
himself the eighth, against the Academy of Athens, was detected by  
his instructor breathing the smoke of the dew of Hymettus.† Being,  
as it were taken in the act, he prayed for pity, alleging that he did  
but cherish his pipe in honour of Pan.‡ Ungrateful and wicked  
wretch!" replied his master: "listen to my words." . . . So they  
buried the youth amid much lamentation, more especially from those  
who had staked their obols, for the crew from Athens conquered by

\* This passage finally disposes of RALPHSON'S absurd claim to have been  
the discoverer of tobacco.

† Evidently an early kind of "honey-dew."

‡ It is impossible to translate the awful language which occurs here.

the length of many boats. By this example, then, let warning be  
taken. . . .

It is the part of the wise man to treat all his neighbours with kind-  
ness, but most of all those who are to serve as judges in the race  
wherein he runs. Some there are who complain of this practice,  
alleging that it is unjust. But the illustrious SOCRATES has proved  
it to be otherwise, for, as he says, we offer sacrifices to the gods to  
win their favour, so that we, rather than our antagonists, may succeed  
in our business. Why then should we not give gifts to the umpires,  
who are indeed in the place of the gods at the Games, and award the  
prizes to those whom they think fit? Wherefore it is good that the  
runner offer sacrifices of drink to the umpire, and so, perchance,  
even if he arrive last at the goal, all his rivals will be disqualified. . . .  
Concerning those who contend with clubs and ball, care is needful  
that they be trained to speak discreetly, not allowing words winged  
with anger to fly from their tongue. For indeed it is a shameful  
thing for a man to speak unseemly things because, the earth having  
been seventeen times smitten with the club, the ball remains in the  
bushes. Rather let him pursue his way in the silence of the  
philosopher, perchance sacrificing one or two of those who bear  
clubs, § to appease the wrath of the gods. Nor let these competitors  
be allowed, as the manner of some is, to bewail, on their return, the  
great misfortunes which have brought them defeat, or the exalting  
skill which has gained them the victory. For those who thus talk,  
let hemlock be mingled with the evening drink.

As to the throwing of the disc, and other sports . . .

[The fragment ends abruptly at this point.]

§ Perhaps "caddies."

LAST WEEK'S LATEST AND VERY BEST NEWS.—"So well did Sir  
JOHN MILLAIS appear yesterday morning that it was decided to issue  
one more bulletin and then drop them."—*Times*, Saturday, June 13.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Sir JOHN GORST on his scarlet  
further.

## OLD THYME AND ROSEMARY.

Messrs. PARKER AND CARSON'S *Rosemary* is not as strong as Mr. PINERO'S *Sweet Lavender*; yet 'tis a very pretty play. The authors' delineation of the central figure gives just that sweet-homely (a compound adjective, somewhat suggestive of "sweet omelette") and peculiarly English domestic flavour to the dish which has rarely ever been known to fail in its effect on the sentiment of the genuine English playgoer; and more especially telling is it with the less experienced playgoers. The craze for



Miss Rose-Mary Moore in the Nineties.

out, in numbers, his *Nicholas Nickleby*.

In this piece you have the costume of three periods: that of the old people, like *The Naval Captain* and *Professor Jogram*, both of whom seem to belong to the time of *Commodore Truncheon*; then that of *Sir Jasper*, who is, I should say, about twenty years his junior; then you have the Dandy-Sadlerian old post-boy; and, to finish up with, we see the costumes of the Queen's Jubilee year, when there are French waiters in London, and *Sir Jasper*, a nonagenarian (that is, if he was forty years of age in the first act, the last act being fifty years after), appears in the dress of an old gentleman, a *vicour*, quite up to date. But *Sir Jasper* at forty, in Act I., seems quite young enough, in spite of his evidently assumed paternal air, to become the husband of *Dorothy*, aged eighteen. Yet he is not; and when *Jogram*, being interested in the Squire's remaining a bachelor, points this out to him, the Squire perceives that disparity of years is a bar to happiness in marriage, and sensibly gives up the game, subsiding, nay, collapsing suddenly, into "the red and yellow." This, by the way, is not the doctrine of CHARLES DICKENS as set forth in the touching episode where "Mr. Dick fulfils my Aunt's prediction." And here is exactly where the play is thin; so thin, that, in the last act, it is whittled away to nothing. Now in this third act, *Sir Jasper*, aged 90, has to find, in a hole in the wall, a paper placed there by him fifty years before. When he does come across it, at first it recalls nothing, although the occasion of his hiding the paper was the event of his middle life. Gradually

it recalls the sprig of rosemary which *Dorothy* had divided with him. Now a strange thing happens. *Sir Jasper* produces the pocket-book in which fifty years ago he has placed that very sprig of rosemary, and which, with the sprig in it, he has, it must be assumed, invariably carried about with him; yet, in spite of this ever-present memento having been with him through all mortal changes of coats, fashions, and pocket-books, he has, up to this minute, quite forgotten the unique occasion when it was given him, and when he, on the impetus of the moment, purchased the house which would be "in perpetuum memoriam rei." In these circumstances, such inconsistency—in a man who is not like *The Headless Man* in any other respect save that, when we first see him, he, from sheer light-heartedness, does not trouble himself to remember names,—is simply impossible. Had he lost the sprig for years and recovered it, had the house passed into other hands, and had he never revisited it till this moment, then, by some extraordinary inspiration, the whole scene might have been reproduced in his imagination, or (and very effective this would have been), in a dream, as he sat there, the solitary *vicour*, *Marius* among the ruins of a dead past, the touching scene could have been re-enacted. In fact, the action of the play just barely develops a hint of an excellent idea which might have been "so infinitely better expressed."

The acting all round leaves nothing to be desired. CHARLES WYNDHAM is at his best. Miss MOORE is charming. Mr. BISHOP, wonderful; and Mr. BARNES as stolid as could be wished. Miss ANNIE HUGHES is delightfully fresh in a bright bit of character that recalls her excellent performance of the youthful grand-niece of the ancient Waterloo veteran at the Wellington Street Theatre; while Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON gives us a quaintly pretty study for an early-nineteenth-century picture. Messrs. PARKER and CARSON may be quite satisfied with the result of their work, and as "the young person" and the "reverend gent" can see it without fear of being startled out of their propriety, and, as there is just a touch of DICKENS in it, if the authors interchange initials and style themselves "PARKER and PARSON," it will satisfy all the requirements of the case.

Of course the costumes "of the periods" go for much, picturesquely, towards the success. But if success in comedy were to be dependent on costume, what a fine chance, as far as novelty goes, would the costumes of the Noah's Ark period have, with the characters in the long coats of SHEM, HAM, and JAPHET, as they still appear (when found) in toy Noah's Arks. Our artist has shown Mr. WYNDHAM in the "Nine-ties," but as a fact he was only in the "one-tie," which was round his neck as usual.

HIS LORDSHIP OF "WIDE-AWAKE-FIELD."—Dr. HOW, Bishop of Wakefield (*Dr. Primrose* was never raised to this dignity), destroyed Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S latest book. Was it his latest, or a "rather too previous one"? No matter, it was destroyed by Bishop HOW. How, when, and where destroyed, deponent sayeth not. There was in it *trop d'Hardiesse* for the Bishop. We shall be glad to hear that Dr. ANY HOW has made it up with the novelist, and has said with NELSON, "HARDY! HARDY! Kiss me, HARDY!" And so, Paz.

A PLACE FOR "SPOONY" COUPLES.—The "Old Deer" Park at Richmond.



"Last act of all that ends this strange, eventful history."

Mr. Wyndham in the Nineties.



## BOUNTEOUS GUY.

*A Song for Hospital Sunday. After Sir Walter Scott.*

["The founder, THOMAS GUY, a citizen of London, and a bookseller and publisher, invested his money so that for 160 years the income derived from it was quite sufficient to carry on the great work he had devised. . . . At last, however—fifteen years ago—there occurred the great fall in the value of land, in which, according to the will of the founder, the entire capital bequeathed has been compulsorily invested. Then, for the first time, the endowment proved insufficient. . . . Money remains our one indispensable requirement."—*The Prince of Wales at the Festival at the Imperial Institute in aid of the Funds of Guy's Hospital.*]

AIR—"County Guy."

AH! Bounteous GUY, the hour is nigh,  
When needs, in £ s. d.,  
Have evil power to mar the dower  
Kindly bestowed by thee.  
The land to-day no more doth pay  
As in those years gone by;  
That happy hour when first did flower  
The boon of Bounteous GUY.

No thought or thrift will make the gift  
Do now its destined work.  
But shall our hand, for fall in land,  
A glorious duty shirk?  
True THOMAS, NO! Let bounty flow.  
From low and eke from high.  
And still fulfil the gracious will  
Of brave and Bounteous GUY!

How many a heart hath felt the smart  
Of pain and anguish less,  
Through healing care long lavished there  
With glorious success!  
How many a soul, denied that goal,  
Turns with a grievous sigh.  
Too late, alas! the gates to pass  
Thrown wide by Bounteous GUY!

Though boons abound, though GLADSTONE'S  
fund,  
And INGLETON'S great gift,  
Their coffers swell, they still must tell  
Of sorry need and shift.  
One hundred beds for stricken heads,  
Reluctant, close-d—and why?  
Because sheer lack of pence must slack  
The gift of Bounteous GUY!

Sure this is shame! A Royal name,  
A Prince's fervent plea,  
Have done their part to move the heart  
And stir up Charity.  
Think of the need! Put by cold greed!  
To suffering's rescue fly!  
Say, shall we stirk the sordid work  
Begun by Bounteous GUY?

The gentle maid may well have prayed  
The kindly cit to hear;  
And Beauty high is not too shy  
As almoner to appear.  
The plea of Love, all pleas above,  
Sounds soft 'neath Summer's sky.  
Let high and low its influence know,  
And second Bounteous GUY!

**RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION TO THE HIR-APPARENT.**—The Evangelical Free Churches of Roehdale, Heywood and district have forwarded a resolution to the Prince of Wales, stating that "This conference views the institution of racing as a fruitful source of moral disease in this country, and on this account respectfully implores the Prince of Wales to withdraw his powerful patronage from this monster institution of gambling of the worst order." Suggested telegraphic reply by H.R.H. "Just won the Derby. Am delighted. Hope to pull off the Leger."



## WHY, NATURALLY.

'COOK, OUGHT I TO WRITE SALVATION ARMY IN CONVERTED COMMAS?'

## POURQUOI?

MONSIEUR.—J'arrive, il y a quelques temps, de la France. Ah, la chère patrie! Cependant, après la douloureuse traversée, je trouve votre pays aussi très-charmant. C'est gai, c'est riant, votre département de Kent-shire. Mais Londres est un peu triste. Une grande ville sans boulevards! Nom d'une pipe, ça m'étonne, car moi je suis on ne peut plus boulevardier!

Eh bien, j'arrivai, et je m'installai dans votre Hidpare, là au coin, où tout le monde se promène et se repose pendant les grandes chaleurs de l'été en Angleterre. C'est le Riding Row et l'allée où les Anglais, si polis et si gracieux, montent à bicyclette, ce qu'on appelle en anglais un "bik." J'attendais un nouvel habit vert, et j'attendais impatientement le moment où je vendrais le *Time*, le *Dailygraph*, le *Morning-Graphic*, le *News*, le *Saint-James-Globe*, les *Extraspéciales*, et tous les autres journaux anglais—surtout, *Monsieur Punch*, le magnifique journal qui porte votre digne et vénérable nom. J'attendais, je dis. J'attends toujours. Et il paraît que j'attendrai encore, lorsque tout le *highif* s'en ira à Goodwood et à Cowes. Peut-être au mois d'août je commencerai. Mais alors—surtout!

Ainsi, *Monsieur Punch*, c'est à vous que j'adresse ma petite réclamation. Pourquoi, je vous demande—pourquoi Monsieur le First Commissionnaire of the Work fait-il venir un étranger, qui attendait toujours une vie des plus gais sur les grands Boulevards de Paris, et qui reste planté là dans le Hidpare, sans rien faire et entouré de palissades, comme l'illustre M. Picnic dans le pound?

Recevez, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

LE NOUVEAU KIOSQUE DU HIDPARE.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE WINNER OF THE ASCOT STAKES.—A *fiat*.

THINGS NO HIGHLANDER CAN UNDERSTAND.—Breaches of promise.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

A MAN ON A STREAM-LAUNCH BEWAILS A LOST COMPANION.

UPON the sweet familiar tide,  
My heart goes back from now to then;  
I curse my folly born of pride  
That makes me wretchedest of men.  
But Hope suggests that even yet  
We may renew the long ago,  
That you may pardon and forget,  
That I may pay the debt I owe.

Sweet thought! to dream that once again  
Together we shall onward steam,  
And, oarsmen treating with disdain,  
Rush madly up and down the stream.  
For you I'd make the boiler glow,  
Regardless of official ire;  
Fined heavily, I think you know  
I still should burn with fiercest fire.

"On! On! O launch, you bear my bride!"  
I'd cry unto my willing craft;  
Swift through the water she would glide,  
And maledictions leave afloat.  
What matter if the banks should fall  
All crumbled by our rapid rush?  
What matter if the anglers bawl  
Strange blasphemy that makes us blush?

This unconcern for stranger woes  
Befits the part I mean to play;  
Shame on the loon who feebly rows!  
The corsair needs a launch to-day!  
You are not here, and yet I feel  
The realism, fervent, true—  
Your dainty hand should turn the wheel,  
The skipper you, and I the crew!

That I was wrong I own, but still  
You reason gave for jealous fears;  
'Twas love that made my heart grow chill,  
'Twas love that drew your bitter tears.  
That fellow JENKINS, low-bred man,  
Was cause of all our dreadful tiff;  
I see you now—By Jove! I can,  
And JENKINS with you, in a skiff!

BOER OPINION.—That Mr. CECIL RHODES used the Cape as a cloak.



## PREMATURE.

*Mamma (looking at her watch). "HOW LATE PAPA'S TRAIN IS—NOT EVEN YET IN SIGHT! I HOPE THERE HASN'T BEEN AN ACCIDENT!"*  
*Molly (after thinking a while). "WOULD YOU MARRY AGAIN, MUMMIE!"*

## 'OFFICERS ONLY.' A VOICE FROM THE RANKS.

YEARS ago, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, you had a splendid cartoon about two officers who had been turned out of the service for bullying one of their mess comrades. It was in the days, Sir, when the Duke had just been made General Commanding-in-Chief; and since then, and if it comes to that, before then, you were, and have been, the truest of true friends to the British soldier. Not only to Tommy in the ranks, Sir, but to the Johnnies in the ante-room. And we all of us know that, Sir, because the Regimental Library contains your series from Vol. One to Vol. Over-a-hundred.

And this being so, Sir, I take the liberty to ask you to say another word, and, if I am not confusing expressions, in the same direction. Thanks to the School Board, I am a better hand at learning than the boys who have passed into the Reserve, or, it may be, into the cemetery. Speak the word in the same direction, and show the way the wind blows. Sir, there was a deal of bullying fifty years ago, and if you read *Truth*, you will find there seems to be a lot of it flying about even now. Last week as ever was, *Mr. LABOUCHERE* told, in his paper, how two young lads belonging to a light cavalry regiment were simply forced out of their profession by the persecution of their brother subalterns. So far as we can make out, it was simply because they were, neither of them, considered rich enough to bear the expenses of life in barracks. One of these lads was asked where he was going to keep his hunters and racers, and when he said he didn't intend to have any, he was questioned as to why and wherefore he had joined the regiment. Then, when the answers were considered unsatisfactory, his fate was made an unhappy one. He was ducked in a horse-pond, and all his things were made into hay. That is how the case is put, Sir—one surely calling for explanation.

Now *Mr. Punch*, Sir, in these days, when the purchase system is abolished, and a lot of us rankers look forward to getting away from the canteen into better quarters, it is a matter of importance that those above us should not be only officers but gentlemen. If the only qualification for the stars and crowns on the shoulder-straps is lots of money, any prosperous pawnbroker (if he begins early enough) can get into the *Army List*. But we have always thought that it

wanted something more than cash to earn the Queen's Commission. The cavalry don't draw omnibuses, so the force doesn't require cads to be on the strength of the establishment. And as this is so, sirs who can't behave themselves had better take to driving cabs, if the cab-drivers will tolerate them. Speaking for myself—for when on furlough I now and again indulge in a hansom—I don't think they will. Cabby, as a rule, is a good fellow, and doesn't care to associate with swamps, wealthy or otherwise.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, we know from your Cartoon what happened when the good old Duke was at the Horse Guards. His Royal Highness has a successor; and, although there are many new-fangled ways coming into fashion, there should be no difficulty about following the precedent set nearly half a century ago. I give the tip as "a word to the wise"—take the matter up to head-quarters.

Of course, Sir, discipline is discipline, and it is not for the likes of me to give orders to our superiors; still I do think that now flogging is abolished as "degrading," the prestige of the Service should be further maintained by allowing the rank-and-file to be commanded, as in days of yore, by gentlemen. So, as a pretty strong charge has been made, there should be a searching inquiry. And that is the opinion of all of us—front rank, rear rank, and supernumeraries.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, Sir,

Yours, coming smartly to attention,  
 THOMAS ATKINS (Private but not confidential).

*Even of Waterloo Day, 1896.*

"WE NEVER SPEAK" UP TO DATE.

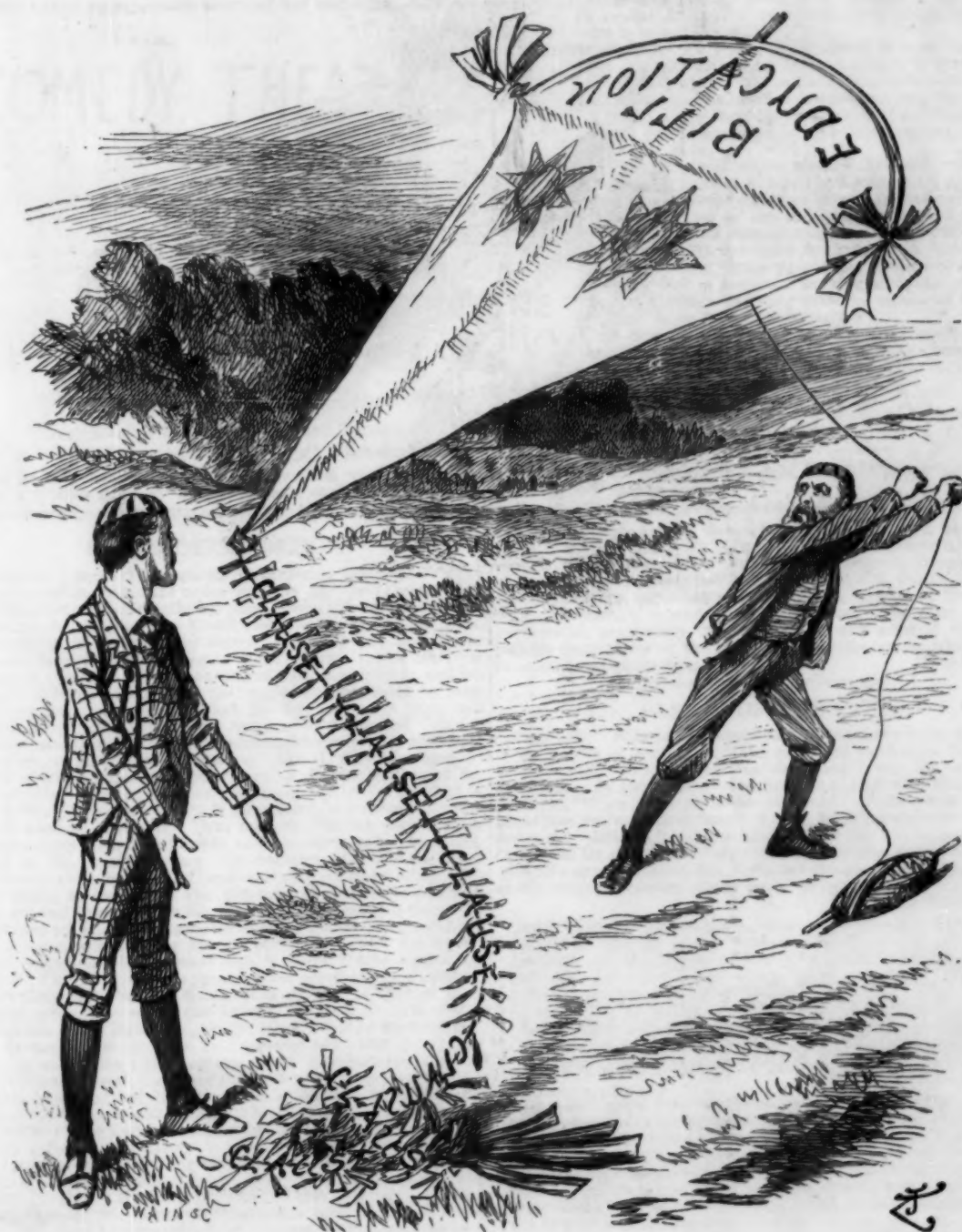
*Brisket (of the Meat Market, to Cornizzi, of the Baltic). I thought you knew KRAMMER, of the Stock Exchange.*

*Cornizzi. I did once; but now we are not on telephoning terms.*

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—It is announced that Parliament will rise about the middle of August. So will the grouse.

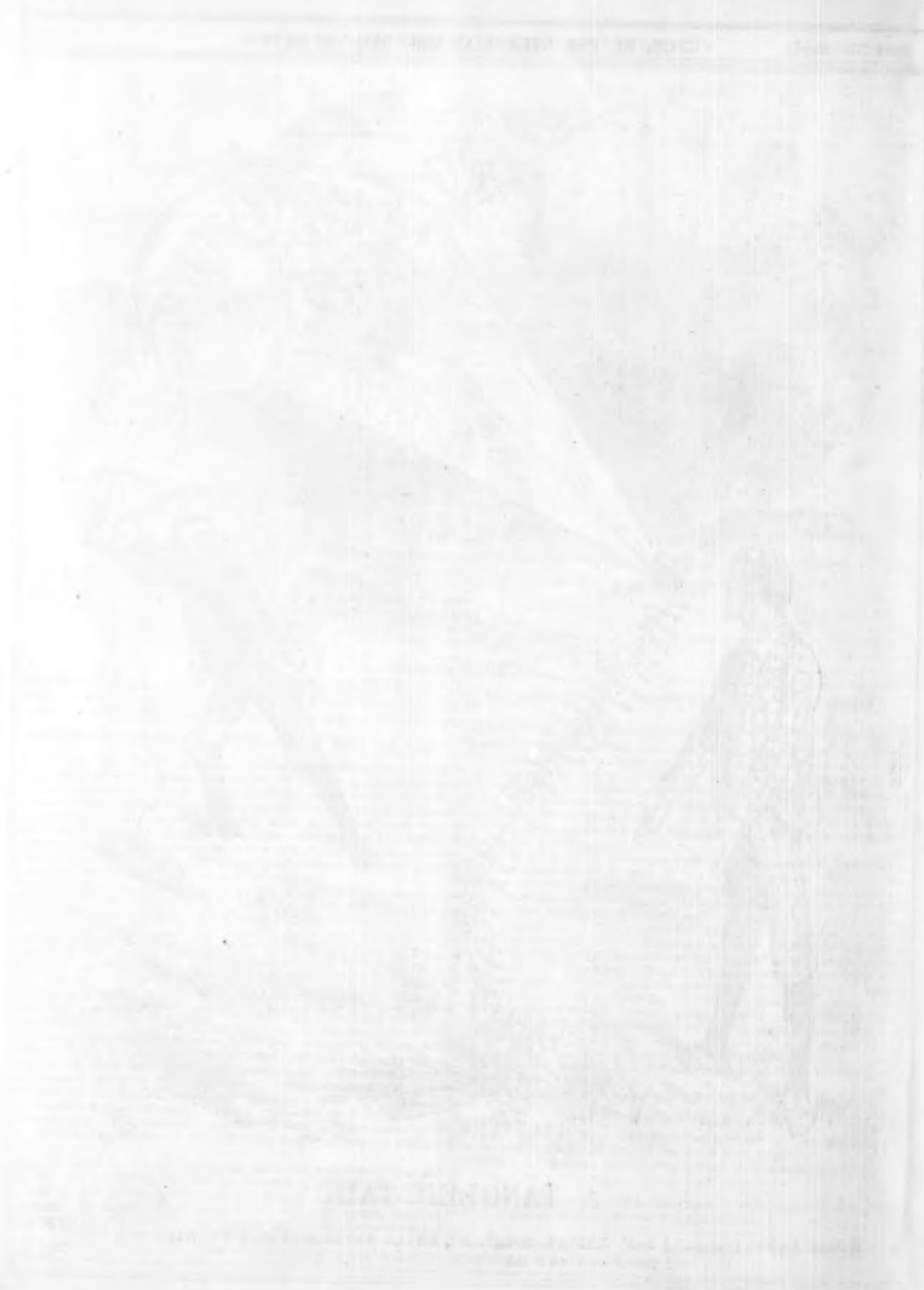
PAX IN BELLO.—"Our War Correspondent" still reviews the Egyptian troops in Fleet Street.





### A TANGLED TAIL.

MASTER ARTHUR B-L-F-B. "I SAY, JOHNNY GORST, WE SHALL NEVER GET HER UP WITH ALL THIS!  
I MUST CUT OFF ABOUT HALF OF HER TAIL!"





## ENCORE, SARA!

"L'ABSENCE est le plus grand des maux," quoth Adrienne, reciting "la fable des deux pigeons"; and, remembering this, Madame SARA returns to us, and gives a short series—far too short—of her best. Her Adrienne comes to us

## COMEDY THEATRE.



MADAME SARA, "JUST PASSING THROUGH."

"How do you do and good bye! Can't stop! Can't stop! Can't stop!"

with all its ever-fresh charm, and her reception was as enthusiastic as ever, perhaps a "trifle more so"; for "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

M. DEVAL, as *Maurice de Saxe*, is well able to support, physically and artistically, the divine SARA. M. CHAMEROT, drily amusing as *Prince de Bouillon*; which name, "Bouillon," to English ears, is suggestive of the part being appropriately given to a "souper." M. LACROIX a capital *Michonnet*, very humorously tragic in his desire to be a "Sociétaire."

Friday.—*La Tosca*. Same charm as ever, the torture and assassination scenes being wonderfully given. But the climax, when *Tosca* prefers to leap before she looks, is not startling. The leap does not give anyone "the jumps"; it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and would have been fatal to any other actress save the Favourite SARA.

When this brief notice appears there will remain but four nights more of SARA B. in London. Of this chance we strongly advise all lovers of true dramatic art to avail themselves; for to see and hear SARA, and to get a French play well played in town, "is a liberal education in itself." 'Tis a wonder to many of us theatre-goers that in London there should not always be a French theatre, with a first-rate working company, giving the newest Parisian successes, with the occasional visit of a "Star" as an additional attraction.

If ever man could manage it, his name is MAYER, and if he has failed, then there is small probability of any one else being successful.

SUITABLE BREAKFAST FOR A LEADING LITERARY CRITIC.—Log-roll with a pat of butter.

APPROPRIATE AIR FOR HARD-WORKERS AT ETON.—"Voi ché sap-ete."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON was fortunate in two respects when writing the volume published under the title *My Confidences*. The first is the conception of its scheme. In a second title he describes the work as *An Autobiographical Sketch addressed to my Descendants*. Incidentally it is published by SMITH, ELDER & Co., and all the world who have fifteen shillings to spend, or can borrow the book may read it. So careful was the diarist that his children and his children's children should have the confidences presented in most perfect, polished form, that he had the MS. set up in type, and bestowed upon it final affectionate revision before he died. Still it holds the privileged position of a communication privately addressed to a family circle. If the public don't like it, they can leave it. In spite of the printing and proof-reading, it was not meant for them, only for "my dear children," to whom any trivial incident in the daily life of a revered parent is interesting, any little exhibition of vanity a sacred weakness. Thus the gifted author may indulge in impulse of his most trivial moods, none daring to make him afraid. Happily in Mr. LOCKER's case this condition is controlled by a kindly heart, a bright intellect, and a highly cultured mind. We are privileged to look on at the playtime of a courtly, scholarly gentleman, and frankly share his innocent satisfaction in the really wide circle of acquaintance among members of the aristocracy and less eminent personages, such as DEAN STANLEY, ALFRED TENNYSON, MATTHEW ARNOLD, Mr. LECKY, and MILLAIS, "who elohed my portrait." This last does not appear to have given supreme satisfaction. "There are points," Mr. LOCKER writes, in one of those delightful asides that reveal his nature, "where MILLAIS almost surpasses the great Dutchman, FRANZ HALS. But he wants charm, and I do not see in his faces that passing look, that exquisitely evanescent expression which appears about to change even as we gaze." When we read Sir JOHN's "Confidences," perhaps we shall hear what he thought of Mr. LOCKER as a subject. Meanwhile the book is one to be read right through. My Baronite thinks the gem of the collection will be found in the exquisitely humorous account of Mr. LOCKER's defeat in his attempt to complete his SHAKESPEARE folio of 1623 by purchase of the missing leaf with BEN JONSON's verses. The other good fortune, in addition to the happy design of the book, is in the choice of editor. Mr. BRIDELL, who fills that position, has doubtless supplemented Mr. LOCKER's affectionate revision of the typed sheets. But, save by a preface strictly limited to the measure of a sonnet, he does not obtrude his personality by a single note. This modesty is rarely precious in the editor of a biographical work.

There seems no limit to the capacity of CLARK RUSSELL to produce stirring stories of the sea. He has so long and so closely communed with the illimitable ocean that he has acquired something of its power and its infinite variety. His latest story, *The Tale of the Ten* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is as good as anything he has yet written, which is high praise. It is better than some, inasmuch as

the action is more rapid. Once started with the story, my Baronite found it difficult to lay the book down till he had seen comfortably shot, or hanged, every one of the Ten. This desire is, through a series of breathless incidents, fulfilled. Like the Ten Little Niggers of earlier fame, the rogues drop off one by one, "and then there were" only just enough to send to Norfolk Island. The story, skilfully constructed, graphically told, is adorned with some of those marvellous descriptions of the many moods of the sea in which CLARK RUSSELL is unapproachable. THE BARON.

## PASTRY OF THE PAST.

SIR.—The "Elderly Correspondent" of the *Lancet* who asks where is the pastry of our youth, "the crisp and saccharous tartlet, the delicate puff, the imponderable dumpling," has hit on a real grievance. As for tartlets, I feel inclined to sing with Mrs. HEWANS (I think), "*O call those tartlets back to me!*" Puff—well—I believe that these are sometimes heard of still, in literary circles, but they are never "delicate," and the kind sold at the confectioners' ought to be used for ship ballast—they're fit for nothing else. What's the good of a new Education Bill, technical classes, and all that, if cooks aren't taught to use the rolling pin? Why, it's

PUFFICKLY MONSTROUS.

SIR.—This crusade against modern pastry is most excellent. But it should also include modern sweets. I ate some almond toffee the other day, and would you believe it, it nearly made me sick! It never did that when I was a boy, sixty years ago. How well I remember munching it on our playground while looking on at our first eleven heroes licking (at cricket) the contemptible fellows sent by some other school to play us! The Bath pipe that I and SNIGGLINGS junior swore eternal friendship over—where is that sort of Bath pipe now? Vanished—in smoke! Gone out—with a puff!

Yours, PUFF COLLUSIVE.

SIR.—It is quite true about the pastry and the rolling-pin. But the real reason why pastry doesn't agree with us nowadays is because of all the nasty foreign ingredients put in it. Russian flour, French butter, German eggs—how can you expect a thing made in Germany to be digested in England? And that leads me to the chief point of this letter, which is to say that we must have PROTECTION! I generally manage to bring all arguments round to that, and I'm glad to have been able to do so in this instance.

Yours hopefully,

JIMMYLOWTHERITE.

SIR.—My boy tells me it's all rot about the puffs at confectioners not being as good as ever. He asked for sixpence to go and try, in order—as he said—to "make quite sure about it," and as he felt a little doubtful at the end of the experiment, I gave him another sixpence to complete it. He finished them all! Yet there are people who declare that modern pastry can't be digested!

Yours, PATER SUPERBUS.



SO INVITING!

## THE THIRD KING OF CRICKET.

*Jupiter Pluvius to Sol on the "Bowler's Match," M.C.C. v. Australia, June 11-12, 1896, won by M.C.C., on wet wickets, in one innings, with 18 runs to spare. (See "The Two Kings of Cricket," "Punch," p. 267, June 6.)*

THE Cornstalks all out for Eighteen! Ah, King Solly, You see your "too previous" vaunting was folly.

Since I've had a go at the wicket, "The Two Kings of Cricket" read all very fine, But sure you forgot a third monarchy—mine!

Whilst "Ju Pla"'s to the fore, why it 'tiant' all shine (Ask young SHINN of Cambridge) at cricket!

EH? eight, four, a six, and — eight "ducks" in a row,

Ha! ha! good Old Solus! And likewise ho! ho! Eight wickets for nix! That's a corker! There isn't a bat in that team who's a duffer, But with sodden wickets plus JACK HEARNE and PUGHEN,

The steadiest bat with the slogger may suffer, And fall for a duck to a yorker.

Great Scott! 'Twas a regular basket of "eggs," The Bowler a day—now and then—fairly begs.

He got it this time, and no error! The "trundler"—'twas nothing but right—had his turn;

What HEARNE left to PUGHEN young PUGHEN didn't spurn, And if 'twasn't PUGHEN, why then it was HEARNE,

And each seemed a fair holy terror!

A "rot"? That's all rot. 'Twas but cricketer's luck! Not pleasant to sleep on! But sleeping brought pluck!

SID GREGORY, DARLING, and EADY Got even such bowling as that "in a knot." Though PUGHEN and HEARNE might be still "on the spot,"

Though 'twas too late to win, EADY put on the pot, And Australia's DARLING was steady.

A win—in one innings—with eighteen to spare! And IREDALE and TRUMBLE two brace had to share!

Don't scoff at Ju Pla after that, Sir! A victory well earned—or I should say well HEARNED!

You see Cricket's Third King—King Rain—can't be spurned. For 'tis plain that the victory often is turned, By a shower, to the Ball from the Bat, Sir!

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—*La Tra-la-la-viata*. Madame ALBANIAS *Violetta* simply excellent. "Never berrer," as *David Copperfield* observed at the end of his first dinner-party. At finish of third act, magnificent bouquet handed up to prima donna by Signor BEVIGNANI.

When bouquets are handed up publicly, the names of donors should be announced also publicly. This would add to the value of the bouquet. Signor BEVIGNANI would announce "Bouquet from H.R.H., owner of *Persimmon*." (*Enthusiasm*.) "Bouquet from Mr. GLADSTONE." (*Cheers*.) "Ditto from Lord SALISBURY." (*More cheers*.) "Bouquet from BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, regular subscribers." (*Applause*.) Several other bouquets, the names being undecipherable by Signor BEVIGNANI; and, finally, a splendid bouquet from Mr. *Punch*. This last presented in a scene of indescribable excitement, cheers, tears, and applause, amid which Madame ALBANIAS was led off the stage by Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, attended by the ever-faithful Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, carrying the bouquets: a Flowery Bower-meisteress for this occasion only. ANCONA good as *Georgy Germont*; and Signor LUCIA uncommonly good as *Alfredo mio*, "*le petit bonhomme plus petit que ça*." Except *Manon's* lover, is there any lover in operatic history who is such a zincompoop of a character as this 'Alf-and-'Alf-redo!

Tuesday.—*Die Meistersinger* as before.

Wednesday.—*Aida*, by the ever-Verdy VERDI. As there are hardly any recitatives, the libretto cannot be called what the music is, "werry Wordy." Magnificently put on the stage. Odd effect of polyglot "version of Verdi," as ALVAREZ, representing *Rudames*, Captain of Egyptian Guards, sang in French, whilst some others gave their words in English, thus representing what ought to have been the joint occupation of Egypt, where the scene is laid, by the united forces of France and England. DRUSIOLANUS always has an eye to the events of the moment, and this evidently struck him as being peculiarly up-to-date.

Great enthusiasm after finale of second act only equalled by perturbation of singers, who, like *Barkis*, were "willin'" but could do nothing, as BEVIGNANI had "gone out with the tide," and had disappeared to his mysterious hiding-place under the stage "far from the madding crowd." Madame ADINI, a splendid specimen of an Ethiopian slave, who would have made a fortune as Principal of a Female Christy Minstrel Company. Grand evening. Rise in Egyptians.

Thursday and Friday.—*Flotow's Martha*, and GOUNOD's *Roméo et Juliette*. Nothing new. *Tout va bien*; and Masterful MANCINELLI and Beneficent BEVIGNANI are satisfied.

Saturday.—Warbling WAGNER's *Hockey-Walküre*, or *Les Promeneuses*, as to-night it is given by Le Chevalier DRUSIOLANUS, in French. Happy Thought to show us these Lurline-like water-sprites on so hot a night. ALVAREZ excellent; Mlle. BRAZZI fine; and Madame LOLA BRETH will be heard to greater advantage in something lighter. Her first appearance here. Of course, the ever-useful-and-ornamental Mlle. BAUERMEISTER delights us as a water sprite. Masterful MANCINELLI must be congratulated on magnificent musicians.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 8.—"Man and boy," said SARK, "I've lived in House of Commons for twenty-five years. Never till to-night was I so sharply struck with sense of the innate nobility, the pure unselfishness, the impulsive generosity of Members."

What caused SARK's voice to falter, almost brought tears into his eyes, was the readiness shown from unexpected quarters to forward public business by closing debate on second reading Irish Land Bill. Arranged when House met that two nights should be given up to talk round subject. PRINCE ARTHUR, apprehensive that even that allotment of time would be insufficient, gave notice that he will to-morrow move suspension Twelve o'clock Rule, so that debate may, if need be, continue all night. Suddenly movement in favour of completing debate at current sitting had birth. Rapidly grew till, by ten o'clock, Bill read second time, leaving two hours to discuss proposal to refer it to Grand Committee.

It was TIM HEALY began it. After long absence, TIM back again at corner seat below Gangway, envied by loving friends. On his left sits dark-visaged JOHN DILLON; behind him plump JOHN REDMOND. Perhaps it was these sunny circumstances that melted the icy truculence that sometimes seems to grip TIM's manner. However it be, having spoken for something over half an hour (and said all he had to say) TIM gladdened heart of Ministers by protesting that he really did not care about extending debate.

"Take your Closure at once," he said. "It is not we who will oppose it or cry 'Gag!' when it is granted from the Chair."

Not to be outdone in generosity, Colonel SANDERSON, who followed, took the same line. No use carrying debate over second day. Why not pass second reading forthwith, and get to work in Committee?

Peculiarity noted in action of both Members was that at the time they protested this indifference to prolongation of speech-making, each had made his own. Members who had prepared orations, and were waiting for opportunity of delivering them, not quite so enthusiastic in approval as was PRINCE ARTHUR. That a detail. Nothing could resist influence of lofty aspirations of TIM and the Colonel for dispensing with idle talk and getting to work. So, they having concluded their speeches, House listened with impatience to a few others, which the authors would not willingly let die. Members who had gone off to dinner, understanding that to-morrow night would also be given up to second reading debate, came back at ten o'clock to find Bill read a second time, and House embarked on fresh debate upon new issue.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—Since to-night wasn't wanted for Irish Land Bill, it is given up to Irish Estimates. Occasion serves to show the change wrought by hand of Time. Ten years ago the House, in Committee on Irish Estimates, would have been liveliest spot in town. To-night it is one of the dullest. Member after Member gets up to tell moving story of how he has been attacked by Royal Irish Constabulary. Seems first thing happens to Irish Member on temporarily revisiting his native land is that he is set upon by the police, and more or less severely beaten. SWIFT MACNEILL, with tremor of genuine emotion in voice, held forth for over half an hour in succession of blood-curdling stories about the police. WILLIE REDMOND, modestly presenting

himself to favourable consideration of Committee as "a bit of authority on rows," gave graphic account of a Sunday morning spent in bosom of his constituency. This place of repose was literally represented by the middle of the main thoroughfare, where the hon. Member, flat on his back, off which his coat had been torn, seems to have spent a pensive hour, with the policeman who had knocked him down or trusively standing over him.

Bitterest reflection was that he had reached this recumbent position whilst bent upon an errand of peace. Coming together in the quiet streets of Clare on a Sabbath morning, WILLIE R.'s constituents and the police had incontinently "gone for" each other. The Apostle of Peace interposing, straightway found himself in the recumbent position described. It was nothing to him; he seemed quite used to spending his Sunday morning in such circumstances. What vexed him was (1) that his recumbent position prevented his pursuing his mission of peace; (2) that the overhanging policeman was not conveniently numbered as are his colleagues in the streets of London. Whence ensued insuperable difficulties in recognising him and bringing him into a position where the ground of his almost rude conduct might be inquired into.

After this elaborate story, PATRICK O'BRIEN's modest narrative of how, upon a certain occasion, he received "a blow on the cranium" from a policeman's baton, fell a little flat. Mr. O'BRIEN mentioned that his "cranium" still bore evidence of the concussion. Languid Committee temporarily stirred by flush of expectation as he put his hand to his head. Expected that he was about to show Chairman of Committees exact spot of the tragedy. Apparently couldn't find it. Anyhow, after fumbling round for a moment, he gave up quest, and proceeded with speech.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee. Thursday.—Pity established custom is against Members making up for particular parts, as they do on the stage of other theatres. Loss felt with peculiar acuteness in case of JOHN O'GONER. To-night we get into Committee on Education Bill. As CAPTAIN TOMMY, who has been heaving the lead, genially announces, there are exactly 1335 Amendments already printed. Consideration thereof means some weeks' hard labour for House in general, and in particular for Minister in charge of Bill. So JOHN O'GONER, taking seat on Treasury Bench to-night, assumes stricken air of patient resignation pathetic to look upon.

Where defect appears is in his complexion. The consequence of going about his Ministerial duties on a vermilion-hued bicycle has been to reflect upon his countenance a roddy tinge incompatible with the character he desires to assume. If, as is the case in preparation for another stage, our leading man of the hour were permitted use of powder-pot, effect on progress of Education Bill in Committee would be appreciable. As it is, there is obvious incongruity, distinctly deleterious.

GONER does his best in the circumstances; is obviously determined not to add to length of debate. When Amendment moved, he states, in phrase of freezing brevity, insuperable objection, and sits down. Argument all very well in some cases. JOHN O'GONER is conscious that he has behind him overwhelming argument in form of majority varying from 170 to 249. As the advertisement says, "Why pay more?" JOHN O'GONER certainly won't. Having said what he has to say he sits down, folds fragile arms over timid breast, puts on look of preternatural pensiveness, patiently listens whilst others talk.

No lack of supply. At end of hour and a half constitution of audience considerably altered. Members freshly arrived from pro-



Mr. Field (President of the Irish Cattle Trades' and Stockowners' Association, Vice-President of the National Federation of Meat Trades) introduces to the House two "Bulls" of his own breeding.

longed tea on the Terrace look upon the grey-haired figure on the Treasury Bench, and wonder why it doesn't speak. Member after Member rises wanting to know why the Vice-President of the Council



"Received 'a blow on the craynium'!"  
(Mr. P-tr-ck O'Br-n.)

This legislation by shifts, as work is sometimes carried on in collieries, evidently has its disadvantages. JOHN O'GOWR early checks it. "I have stated my objections," he said, when pressed a fourth time to set them forth. "Hon. Members who were not present



He was invited to row on the Pinnua.  
(Mr. McK-nna.)

what an ordinary person would have called flat robbery. J. L. denounced the project as "deletion of the Eighth Commandment." To-day he, with equally magnificent manner, successfully withstands

has no reply to give? A pleasing prospect this, capable of indefinite prolongation. At five o'clock, Minister stated his objections to amendment; speeches go on for hour and half. At 6.30 a new audience has gathered. Weren't present when Minister interposed; insist on his speaking again. Minister re-states his objection. Another hour-and-a-half's talk. 8 P.M., fresh audience. "Why doesn't the right hon. gentleman state the Government view on this important point? Why treat the House with marked discourtesy?" Angry cheering from Opposition. Minister meekly makes his speech a third time. Fresh audience fall to; discuss it with undiminished vigour.

9.30 P.M. Changing and shifting, another new audience assembles. Motion to report progress by way of resenting contemptuous silence of insolent Minister; and so on, till the morning and the evening are another day.

9.30 P.M. Changing and shifting, another new audience assembles. Motion to report progress by way of resenting contemptuous silence of insolent Minister; and so on, till the morning and the evening are another day.

Opposition horribly shocked at this; but, after all, if we are to get forward with our work, there seems something in it.

*Business done.*—In Committee on the Education Bill.

*Friday.*—The *Codlin* and *Short* business of Irish Leaders sometimes a little hard on House. Habitually tends in direction of inflicting two speeches where one would have done; and that, as R. G. WEBSTER says, is very different from making two blades of grass grow where formerly there was a dust-heap. When JOHN REDMOND makes a speech, JOHN DILLON feels bound to put in appearance, and vice versa.

JOHN REDMOND, resolved to show Ireland that in her interest he neither slumbers nor sleeps, urged PRINCE ARTHUR to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule so that Irish Land Bill might, if necessary, be debated all night. PRINCE ARTHUR, for reasons inexplicable, except on ground of extreme hot weather and consequent languidness, consented. JEMMY LOWTHER interposed; saved House from objectless sacrifice. On Wednesday, JAMES's heart stirred within him by

PRINCE ARTHUR's temporary weakness. Motion to suspend Twelve o'clock Rule not proceeded with. Waste A time upon a Bill no one pretends to see carried through Committee thus limited to midnight. *Business done.*—Eight hours talk round Irish Land Bill.



METEOR II. DAZZLES THE YACHTING WORLD, AND WINS THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE SURF!

### "A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY."

(Extract from a Note-Book found near Islington.)

HAVE'N'T much time for jotting down impressions. More's the pity, as, with my School Board learning, I am getting quite a dab at composition. But what with tent-pegging, musical rides, sword and bayonet contests, and the rest of it, there's quite enough to do. It pleases the public, I suppose, and the funds go to some Service charity or other, so *that's* all right, and the Intelligence Department says it "promotes recruiting," so *that's* all right, too. And then the management is re-organised. Not too much of the Volunteers—just a noble C.O. of the auxiliaries thrown in to give a civilian but aristocratic flavour to the show—and *that's*, from a Service point of view, all right again. But as the Commander-in-Chief was using one of his precious new brooms and sweeping some more of the old traditions away into the dust-hole, why didn't he get rid of "dressing-up"? Of course, I don't mean the dressing-up of the barrack-yard, but the painting-your-face-red dressing-up of Mr. CLARKSON, or some other eminent *perruquier*.

It's all very well to show the ten-shilling seat-holders "the sons of the Empire," but if darkies run short, that's no reason why Tommy Atkins should have to black his face as if he were waiting ready for an engagement, not on the battlefield, but at St. James's Hall, Regent Street and Piccadilly. The Military Tournament, no doubt, is quite right and proper, especially now that the Viscount has kindly taken it under his own special patronage, but surely the line might be drawn at blank cartridge, and not quite so low as burnt cork. How can a self-respecting soldier-man hold himself in proper personal esteem if he has to daub his face as if he were a perambulating nigger on Margate sands?



Brand  
**MARTELL'S** "J. & F. MARTELL"  
on Corks, Capsules,  
Cases and  
Labels.

**THREE STAR**

J. & F. MARTELL,  
the only  
shippers of  
**MARTELL'S BRANDY.**

ALWAYS  
ORDER

**Schweppe's**

as other Waters of  
inferior quality are now  
often supplied, bearing labels  
of the same style and colour as  
SCHWEPPE'S.

SCHWEPPE'S Waters are supplied  
to The Queen.

**BULMER'S  
CIDER  
AND PERRY.**



HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED  
BY THE  
OLD NOBILITY.

Six Varieties  
in Bottle. Also in Small Casks.

Price List and Testimonials from  
**H. P. BULMER & CO., HEREFORD,**  
or through Wine Merchants, &c.

**TAKE A HINT!** If you awake in the  
morning with a pain  
across the eyes, a sense of dulness in the  
head, a furred and discolored tongue, **BE  
WARNED!** Get a bottle of—

**LAMPLOUGH'S  
PYRETIC  
SALINE**

put a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water,  
and drink while it effervesces. If necessary,  
repeat in about two hours.

**IT WILL SPEAK FOR ITSELF.**

**WRIGHT'S** PROTECT FROM  
FEVERS  
MEASLES  
PROMOTE THE HEALTHY  
SKIN  
**COAL TAR SOAP**  
SMALL FOX & A LUXURY FOR THE BATH  
INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSE  
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC  
SOAP WITH MEDICAL OPINION  
MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN  
DISEASES. LANCET.  
TABLETS 6d.  
RECOMMENDED BY  
THE MEDICAL FACULTY  
**SOAP**

**HIERATICA**

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence,  
5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.  
Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 65, Upper Thames Street, London.

**Peptonized Cocoa  
and Milk**  
(PATENT)  
IN TINS 2 1/2  
HALF TINS (SAMPLES) 1/6  
**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON**



**BRACES.**  
The only Brace for Hot Weather.

Note: None Genuine unless bearing the  
Trade Mark "ACARIC"  
Of all Hoofers and Storekeepers, or sent post  
free on receipt of Postal Order for 4s. to "P." Dept.,  
6, Philip Lane, London, E.C.

**£10 REWARD.**

Buyers demanding Acaric, and having other Braces  
not bearing the trade mark offered as Acaric, are  
requested to communicate with above address.



Mail Cart and  
Perambulator  
Combined.  
The Footboard lifts up and forms a Perambu-  
lator. Can be had of any Dealer.  
Manufactured by  
**SIMPSON, FAWCETT & CO., LEEDS.**

**PACKHAM'S  
TABLE WATERS**  
ARE MADE WITH  
**DISTILLED WATER.**  
Manufacture, Croydon.

**"THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES.**

Mild and Fragrant. Manufactured from the Finest Selected Growths of Virginia.



There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia,  
and no better brand than the **"THREE CASTLES"**—  
you'll take to it, bless you, as you grow older.

**THE "THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO,**

MILD AND FINE CUT (Green Label), specially adapted for Cigarettes.  
MEDIUM STRENGTH AND COARSE CUT (Yellow Label), strongly recommended for Pipe Smoking.  
Both kinds are sold in 1-oz. and 2-oz. Square Packets, and 1/4-lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins.

**W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Limited, BRISTOL and LONDON.**



See Wine Carlo **CORDON HOTELS.**  
Metropole, London. Metropole, Brighton.  
Victoria, " Cliftonville, Margate.  
Grand, " Burlington, Eastbourne.  
1st Avenue, Hibernia. Royal Mer Hotel, Ryde.  
Hobson Restaurant. 1 W. and the Riviera  
Frascati's, Gatti's. Hotels.  
And of all first class caterers in the United  
Kingdom.  
"Superior Vintners Wines of Italy."  
**LONDON, E.C.**

One button does it.

**POCKET  
KODAK.**

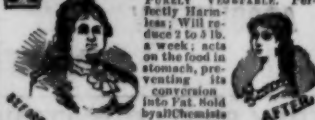


A complete camera on a small scale.  
Weights only 8 1/2 ounces.  
Size of Picture, 1 1/2 x 2 inches.  
Carries a spool of light-tight film for  
12 exposures.  
Loaded and unloaded in daylight.  
Fitted with new automatic shutter;  
brilliant view finder.

PRICE,  
Loaded with 12 Exposures of Film,  
**£1 1s.**

**EASTMAN**  
Photographic Materials  
Co. Limited,  
115-117 Oxford St., London, W.  
PARIS: 4 Place Vendôme

**ALLANS ANTI-FAT**



Send stamp for pamphlet.  
BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

**FLOR DE DINDIGULS**

Of exquisite flavour and aroma.  
**3d. each.**

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS.

ASK YOUR  
Grocer & Wine Merchant  
FOR THE FAMOUS  
**"BOS"**  
WHISKY  
PEASE SON & CO LEITH & DARLINGTON

# CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S INDIAN CURRIES IN TINS,

Chicken, Rabbit, Mutton, Lobster and Prawns,

ARE SOLD BY GROCERS AND STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PERFECT  
PURITY

**Liebig** THE BEST  
**Company's**

*J. Liebig*

WORLD-KNOWN  
**Extract  
of Beef.**

ABSOLUTELY  
GUARANTEED.

FRAY BENTOS OX TONGUES ARE THE BEST.

**LEA & PERRINS'**

SAUCE has been known for more than  
FIFTY YEARS  
ALL OVER THE WORLD.

ASK FOR

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,**

And observe that  
the Signature

*Lea & Perrins*

is now printed  
in Blue Ink diagonally  
across the OUTSIDE WRAPPER  
of every Bottle.

Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; CROSSE &  
BLACKWELL, Ltd., London; and Export Oilmen generally.  
RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

**WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.**

“Very digestible, nutritious, and palatable.”  
*British Medical Journal.*

TRADE MARK.

“No better Food exists.” London Medical Record

**Allen & Hanburys' Food**

“Excellent in quality and flavour.”  
*The Lancet.*

IN TINS, 1/- 2/- 5/- 10/-

for Infants, Invalids and the Aged.